



A LA

mentable com-  
playnte of Bapti-

sta Matuanus, an I-  
talysh poete, wherin he is  
n. ylyarly comoneth wth  
hys owne mynde, that

Deathe is not to be  
seared. Paraphras-

stically trans-  
lated into oure vulgar  
Englishe tongue by

Johan Bale,

(?#?)





**T**o his specyall good  
 frynde Maister Cristine  
 Tindale, Iohan Balew  
 Weth longe and prosper-  
 ous welfare in  
 Chyiste.



**A** the instant request  
 (bere frynde Maister  
 Tindale) of an olde &  
 familiar acquaintance  
 of myne, Iohan Wogs-  
 let an Almayne borne,  
 I translated this litle  
 worke oute of Latine  
 into Englyshe, and from poe'te to prose  
 aboue iii. yeres ago. And now it came  
 in my mynde, not only to make it com-  
 men into you, but also to dedicate it, &  
 so publysh it fourth in your name. The  
 author therof, called Baptista Mantua-  
 nus, was an excellent Poete in the pro-  
 uince of Lombardy, brought up in the  
 noble cite of Mantua, where as Wri-  
 ggle the famous Poete was borne also.  
 And though he wer a superstitious fye  
 of the secte of reformed Carmelites, as  
 they there called them, yet was he a man  
 of most excellent learning in Latine,  
 Breke and Hebrue, & smelled out more  
 abuses in the Romyshe churche, then in  
 those laies he durst wele utter. Not with

A.ii. Rano



### The Edifile.

Reading he spared not in his earnest writings, at times, both breuely and sharply to touch them.

In hys fift Egloge, in declaring the nature of Auarice, he byngeth in Rome for example Rome (sayth he) rendereth nothing els, but very trybles. And for them agayne she recepueth good golde. Mapne promys shall ye haue there, and nothing els. No; alas, all that she seeketh is moneye. Couetousnesse at this daie rewleth all there, and vertue is bitter by banished. And in the .ix. Egloge he declareth at large, that all kyndes of vices are at Rome muche made of, and be had in great honour. Also in Libro. ii. Syluatum, he saith: Mars is father to the Romanes, and Lupa their nource, for in lecherie and murther spende they all their lyues and studie. If ye mynde to lyue wele (sayth he) come not at Rome. For though ye maye at Rome do all other thynges, yet ye may not there lyue wel, or leade an honest lyfe.

In hys first booke *de sacris diebus*, as he dare, he holdeth with the marpage of Bishoppes, and sayth: That in the primate church their lyues were muche better, and more holpe haupnge wpues, then now haupng none. And that it was a more sure wate a great deale, and more agree-



**The Epistle,**

agreable w<sup>th</sup> gods lawe, then thys o-  
ther, conspderinge that God neuer ab-  
horred marpage, but sanctified it. The  
vnmarrried state is leoparadous (he saith)  
and suche a bytter poke when it is pro-  
fessed, as Christ wold neuer charge any  
man with. Yea so cruell a burden, as yet  
to thys daie byngeth fourth many vn-  
naturall monsters (abhompnacyons he  
wolde saie) and by an horrible p<sup>re</sup>sump-  
cion was first inuented. In the xii boke  
of the same worke he reprehendeth the  
Schole doctours, for sophisticall con-  
tendynge about tryples, and vanities,  
as was the questyon of our Ladies con-  
cepcon amonge the orders of fryers:  
and the argument of leuended or vnle-  
uended breade in the sacrament, agaynst  
¶ Brekes. Many great strifes hath bene  
(he sayth) and brawlyng battailes, wise  
men sumtyme lawghynge both the par-  
ties to scozne, as they haue in high seats  
dysputed the matters. For both labours  
hath bene vayne, presumptuouse, rage,  
and folyshe, theyr reasons weake and  
theyr matter vnauaylable, more for ostē-  
tacyon then any good learnynge.

In hys seconde boke of the lyfe of Ni-  
colas Tolentynne, in speakynge of Bi-  
shoppes and priestes, he sheweth of what  
ambycyon, tyrannye, pryde, and deadly

### **The Epistle.**

hate they were in hys tyme. & they spent  
all theyr dayes (sayth he) in banquetinge  
and lecherye, & ea Rome that is boasted  
to holpe, becommynge a most execrable  
brothell house. The popes most holie pa-  
lace (whych is. S. Peters owne cham-  
ber) is now so pestered with whores, that  
it synneth to hell gates. Ye the sauous  
therof so molested heauē, & it is now be-  
come to all the whole worlde abhoms-  
nable. The great bishops, Bishops, Bishops,  
Abbottes, Deanes, Monestes, and suche  
other, whych daile offer vp the unsau-  
ry sacrifices (or syng masses whether  
ye will) & eate theyr vntuened cakes  
or whyte wassers, care theyr for Chry-  
st nor hys doctryne. They thynke there is  
no manner of lyf after this, for they  
neither double hell nor dampnacyn.  
In dyuers of hys bookes, he hath many  
lyke sentences, whych noteth hym not  
altogether to be a papist, though he  
were in the tyme of most depe papistrye,  
and a fyre.

By this we maye wele perceyue, that  
in all ages and in all congregacions,  
some godly men there were, whych ha-  
uynge the ryghte sperte of the chyldren  
of God, smelled out that fylthie staves  
of the Deuill, that malpugnaunt syna-  
goge of Rome, what though they dyd

### The Epistle.

ere by the vnpurenesse of the tyme in  
manye other thynges. The worlde was  
yet neuer so sore oppressed with the depe  
sleepe of darkenesse and ignorance, but  
some lpuely spretes were alwayes vpgi:  
launt, to wake the multytude. For he  
that kepeth Israel, doth neyther Quiber  
nor sleepe. Isal. C. xx. And as concerning  
thys present treatyse, that deathe is not  
to be feared, whych Baptista first wrote  
to a frynde of hys, a peere or senatour of  
Bononye, called Jason Castellius, he  
sheweth hym self no lesse dypynely then  
naturally, no lesse chrystenly, then poety  
callp to handle that matter. But this I  
leaueto the dyligent reader, because the  
sapyd treatyse doth follow here in course.

In confirmacyon of that Chryste rule  
whych he hath therein very plenteously  
persuaded, the Scriptures of God hath  
mucheto vtter, if they were throughly  
searched. If God hath enacted it, that  
all men, ones shall dye. Hebre ic. who ca  
withstand it? Who can auoyde it? If all  
men haue one enteraunce vnto lyfe, and  
one gorynge out in lyke maner agayne.  
Sap. vii What man wyll alwayes lyue,  
& neuer se deathe? Isal. lxxviii. If pros-  
peryte and aduersyte, lyfe and deathe,  
came all of the Lorde. Eccle. xi. While  
shall we not with patient? Job gyue hym  
A. iii. thanks



### The Epistle.

thankes for it. Job. i. If by hys first appoyntment, earthe must nedes to earthe, from whence it was fyrst taken. Wene. iii. Whie shall we not saythfully wathe upon the daye & houre: Math. xxiii. He that hath in remembraunce the ende of that thyng whych he hath to perourne, shal neuer do amysse. Eccle. vii. Though deathes remembraunce be bytter to that man whych hath pleasure in hys lyf, Eccle. xiii. Yet be not thou afrayde therof, whych hast thy consolacion in Christ. Phil. ii. for pccourse in the Lords sight, is the death of true beleuers. psal. lxxv.

And blessed are they whych departeth in the Lorde. Apoca. xvi. for the sowles of the ryghteous are in the hand of god. Sap. iii. and now rest fro theyr labours, Apoca. xiii. No malpccourse torment or hurte them any more. Neither hunger nor thirst greueth the, God hath wyped awaye all sorowfull teares from theyr eyes. Apoca. vii. Muche better is death, then a wretched lyfe, or a lyfe in cōtynue all syknesse. Eccle. xxi. Yea, the losinge of our lyfe (Christe sayth) is the sauyng therof. Luce. ix. Death was to. S. Steuen a swete slepe in the Lorde. Acto. vii. Saynt Paule calleth death a vantage, and a thyng best of all to be lewled from thys fleshe, and to be with Christ. Phil. i.

De

## The Epistle.

He þ heareth my wordes (saith Christe)  
and beleueth on hym that sent me, hath  
euerlastyng lyfe, and shall not come in  
to dampnatyon, but passeth from death  
to lyfe. Ios. v. Whye then shulde a man  
protestinge Christe, feare to dye?

All this haue I wrytten to you (my spe-  
ciall good frynde maister Apndale) kno-  
yinge you to be, not, onelyke fapthful Si-  
meon, a man fearyng the Lorde, and of  
longe tyme lookyng for the latter con-  
solatyon of Israel. And now beholdinge  
it presently in them that reioyce in the  
wurde of the Lorde, and are throughte  
fapthe ordayned to eternall lyfe. Actes.  
xii. ye haue no more care for thys lyfe  
transitorye. But nowe from hence  
fourth with the said Symeon, ye dailye  
desyre to departe in peace, because ye  
haue seane of saluation, bdeh the lighte  
and the glorie in Iesu Christ, for al true  
beleuers. Luc. ii. & to you (I saye) haue  
I dedicated this simple labour of mine  
to whom I acknowledge my selfe to be  
most hyghlye bond, but yet the veryte  
more, despyryng you to accept it wyth  
no lesse good hartethen it is sente,

trustyng here after to send you

much better. Thus euer

fare ye wel in Christ

Iesu. Amen.

**A lamentable cōplaynt**  
**of Baptista Mantuanus an I-**  
**talysh Poete, wherein he sampliarlye**  
**commoneth wyth hys owne mynde,**  
**that death is not to be feared.**  
**Paraphrasy callye trans-**  
**lated into our vul-**  
**gar Englysh tūge**  
**by Johan.**  
**Bale.**



**D**olythe mynde oz  
 waueryng conscience,  
 whi art thou sorowfull?  
 why desperatlye fea=  
 rest thou Deathe, as one of thy  
 selfe forgetful? O blynde soule,  
 and vndiscrete hart, why dost thou  
 so muche regarde thys wretched  
 weake body? Whyles thou sore tre=  
 blest, that fearefulnesse of thynne  
 tormenteth my bowels. The ter=  
 rour thereof sydeth downe from  
 my hart, & accombreth my whole  
 body. My sycke face in waxinge  
 pale, confesseth thy grefe, and the  
 colde cauline thereof overwhel=  
 meth



*de morte contemnenda*

meth in y feble stomacke. Set a  
 part such heauinesse, considering  
 that deathes power extendeth  
 not ouer all. The moze parte of  
 thinges created, feareth nothing  
 the dartes of Deathe. For God  
 hath graciously gyuen the chefe  
 Em pyre to lyfe, to deathe hath  
 he in comparyson graunted but  
 a, very small power. The water  
 and the earthe are subiect to cor-  
 ruption, so are the ayre and fyre  
 with all those thynges whō they  
 brynge fourth, or þ are made of  
 their mixtures. For so much as þ  
 hygh heauen, and the fixed stars  
 therein, were created of a far other  
 matter, thei neuer chāge their con-  
 tenaūces, but remayne alwayes  
 incorruptible. And although the  
 creatoꝝ of all thynges, beyng  
 an omnipotēt God, might at his  
 pleasure, reduce them agayne in  
 to

**Baptista Mantuanus**

to theyr olde Chaos, or confuse  
matter wythout shape. Yet wyl  
not hys deuine goodnesse so do,  
but of most louyng fauer he per-  
mitteth thole his creatures, both  
to liue and remaine. Yea, he suf-  
fereth them not only to continue,  
but also to mynystre theyr ver-  
tues and properties, eche one in  
hys kynde, and gyueth them his  
dayly strength in perfourmance  
of the same. The thynges which  
he made durable, persyst styll in  
theyr strength, and can by no vi-  
olence be destroied, but must for  
euer endure. The thinges which  
he constituted corruptible & mor-  
tall, must be consumed of tyme, &  
so haue theyr endes by corrupci-  
on. All that is aboue the regyon  
of the Elementes, he hathe ap-  
pointed to remaine for euer. Un-  
der

*De morte contemnenda.*

Der **S**one hath he placed such  
 workes as naturallye muste pe-  
 rysh. The flourishinge borders of  
 lyfe, are therefore moste large;  
 Deathe beinge an enemye, hol-  
 deth em pire vnder the starres, in  
 places much moze narrowe. Yet  
 are not all thynges vnder the  
 Sone, subiect to corruptiō. Life  
 wythdrawyth sumwhat fro Dea-  
 thes iurisdiction. For though the  
 bodie of men be mortal by com-  
 mixtion of Elementes, yet haue  
 theyr sowles a substance of dy-  
 uyne simplicitie, wherby they are  
 immortal. Symplicitie withoute  
 mixture dyschargeth deathe, for  
 so much as it can not of it selfe be  
 deuided, neyther can it dysseuer  
 one part from an other. The sim-  
 ple is not compact of the.iiii. E-  
 lementes, but that noble worke  
 God



Baptista Martianus

God created of nothing. O foolish  
lyshe mynde, why art thou than  
heauy: yea, why fearest þ death?  
As one of thy self forgetfull: why  
dost thou so vndiscrete y loue that  
carran carcass of thyne? That  
feble bodey thou fauourest, by  
whose accombraunce thou art  
not only vexed, but also both op=  
pressed, weltered, and made vyle  
in his filthynesse. So that thou  
hast no power to loke towardes  
heauen whych is thy natural mā  
tio but thou art inforced to neg=  
lect þ eternall benefygth. Thou  
hast pleasure in that wretched bo  
dy, whose felythypp violētly dra w  
eth the into all shame, filthynes,  
& synne. By a thousand naughty  
affectes, or yll mocpons art thou  
led, to thy notable infamy, not vn  
lyke the ore that is vnder a most  
heauy

*de morte contemnenda.*

heauy yoke. Under thys greate  
wayght thou lye st, as dyd the Gi-  
aunte Enceladus, whose mem-  
bers the Poetes report to be bu-  
ried vnder the mighty hyl of Ae-  
thna. The wanton pleasures or  
entisementes of the body, are thy  
cruell enemyes, yet wylt thou not  
so take them, for theyr propertie  
is to ouerthrow the vnbewares.  
By them fell Adam our fyrst pa-  
rent, from Paradise his first mā-  
sion, and became a miserable ex-  
ple, by tastynge the forbydden  
frute. Looke wele vpon it, what  
careful sorowes, and what paine-  
full dysseases that vyle and wret-  
ched fleshe byngeth wyth hym.  
Beholde how lyghtlye it is cor-  
rupted, and whan it hath the neede  
of necessary foode, how extreme-  
lye euer more it calleth vppon  
the

*Baptista Mantuanus*

the for help: Alwaies is it weake  
vntowarde, negligent, and hath  
death at hande. Euermore byn-  
geth it penyuenesse, euermore  
anguysh and trouble. O folysh  
hart whye sorowest þu? Why fea-  
rest thou death so moche, as one  
of thy self forgetfull: yea, why de-  
lyghtest thou so moch in that mor-  
tall bode of thyne? God hath  
made the, o lady gouernour ther-  
of, and thou art redy to become a  
sclaue to these stynkynge mēbers  
and carrpage of rott. Awake out  
of this slomber, and shake away  
fro the, these vnprofitable cares.  
Aysletly gather thy wyttes togy-  
ther, and loke to thy naturall of-  
fyce, as one of power or in autori-  
te. Leau these earthely studyes  
and consider who ruleth the hea-  
uens, who reuoluyeth the clere shi-  
nyng



*de morte contemnenda.*

nynges starres: Tell me hardely,  
 what powers they are that mo-  
 ueth so myghty substaūces: How  
 cometh it to passe, that the spring  
 tyme, the haruest, the cold winter,  
 and the hotte drye sommer, retur-  
 neth to vs yearly: what is he that  
 causeth these contynual courses  
 by þis worldes reuolucion: Bodies  
 are subiect to spretes, & lyfe quick-  
 neth them. A lyuely mynde is it,  
 that ruleth and reuolueth the hea-  
 uens. A most worthy mynde is it  
 (yea, God hym selfe) whych hol-  
 deth residence in the clere toppe  
 of the worlde, or the heauen impe-  
 ryall. Thys mynde not only con-  
 serueth, but also disposeth, & quick-  
 neth forwarde hys owne large  
 worke. Thys eternall mynde is  
 it, that created all thynges in. vi.  
 dayes. Alone amonge all other,  
 B. i. haue

haue thys minde rested euer laced.  
 Thys worthy mynde, bleth all o-  
 ther myndes as hys mynisters, &  
 tempereth by them, hys vnpuer-  
 sall worke at hys heauenly plea-  
 sure. To the lower planetes thys  
 mynde or power adiointed the in-  
 feryour myndes, and taught them  
 the true offyces of their admyny-  
 stracions. These starres (sayth  
 he) shall engender the cloudes,  
 these shall prouoke the wyndes.  
 This admixture shal bring forth  
 increase, this wil intynister famine.  
 That planete shal moue battail,  
 that planete shal cal vpon peace.  
 That starre engedereth a scarse-  
 nesse, that starre wyll byynge ha-  
 bundaunce. Some causeth men  
 to take thought, some moueth the  
 again to reioice. Some bringeth  
 men a losse, some agayne throwe  
 them

*de morte contem n endā.*

them vnder foote. Or some of these bodyes take vertues theyr o-  
rygynall, of other taketh rote such  
inordinate loue as bringeth forth  
ail fylthy lypynge. One starre a-  
noyeth, an other prospereeth, in  
kyngdomes beyng at variaūce.  
One wyl take awaye lyfe, an o-  
ther wyl geue it. All starres whi-  
che commenlye alter or chaunge  
the corruptyble world from tyme  
to tyme, God hath made knownen  
to the ethereall spretes. So hathe  
his eternal good minde towardes  
man, geue rules and arte to moue  
that wayghtye worke of hys, and  
by those iust lawes, the starres do  
gouerne the world. The mynde  
sent into this corruptible bodi, en-  
tereth as doth a maier into a citie,  
& that body as a lyttle prysen, be-  
commeth a subiecte to the lowle.

B.ii. 38



Baptista Mantuanus

As a place of exyle to the lyuely  
spretes, hath god appointed that  
miserable bodye, that they maye  
therin bypde all worldly affecti-  
ons by offytes of iustyce and god-  
ly workes of faythe. Thys lyfe is  
lyke an houle waye, and as it wer  
a great Theatre oz place where  
people do assemble to behold so-  
dy feates, where euery man re-  
ceiueth prayse oz autoritie accor-  
dyng to hys fyne doynges. Eche  
manne labour eth for hys parte.  
Some there are whych seketh to  
get heauen, & some conne head-  
lynges to the deuyll, and are all  
their fryndes no leaue. Lyke as  
the superiour spretes, haue a su-  
perior sprete whych ruleth the,  
so hath the inferiour mynde a go-  
uernante ouer the inferiour me-  
bers. In his power is it, to repress  
all

*de morte contemnenda.*

all yre & to assuage both glot-  
touse and lecherouse affectes, al  
so to subdue all fylthy couenaunts  
To that intent (o my mynde) hath  
God made the maister ouer all  
these members, that thou shuldest  
with all speede subdue faythfully,  
that hys lawes hath forbydden  
the. Hyde not the powers whyth  
he hath lyberally gyuen the, ney-  
ther yet withhold them from due  
exercyse, cōsiderynge the charge  
is left to thy arbitryment. As the  
eternall God, & the great migh-  
ty heauen with the elementes, is  
called the greater worlde, so are  
we here named the lesser worlde.  
Yea, we I say agayn, for in dede  
we are many thynges, whō a ser-  
ten copulacyn maketh one, and  
that is called the lesser worlde. All  
that we se done in the greater  
B.iii. world,

*Baptista Mantuanus*

woulde, we maye in lyke manner  
beholde nowe in our selues. The  
hart, the lyuer, and the heade, are  
in vs as the heauens, the senses  
are as the starrs, the mynde toy-  
ned wyth reason and vnderstan-  
dyng, is in vs as God. All other  
thynges, if we dyligently search,  
wylle seme within manys body, to  
do theyr diuerse offices. The four  
humours are vnto the, as the .iiii.  
elementes, and that cometh of  
them, thou shalt iustlye call the  
myxt or componed bodyes. Into  
dyuerse kyndes generall, maye  
these be dyuided, and into specy-  
all matters also. Many of them  
wanteth life, yet is there in vs all  
kind of liuelines. The heates ar  
in maner as a wode or forest, the  
vncomly partes may be copared  
to beastes vnrasonable. The  
flume or reume which issueth fro  
the



*de morte contemnenda.*

the ouermost partes of the head,  
 maye wel be taken for the rayne  
 shewes droppynge out of þe skye.  
 As a ragynge floude shall that  
 moyst humour be, whych cometh  
 fourth of the nolethylles. The  
 wynde of the stomacke, the paunch  
 and bellye euer moze retayneth.  
 And as the angels do mynyster  
 vnto God in great number, in the  
 higher world, so hast thou alwaies  
 here bineth moche copy of spretes  
 assistet euer vnto the. Some ther  
 be, whych are engendered of the  
 liuer, some are created of the hart,  
 some fatche their ozyginal fro the  
 ouermour fortreffe of the heade.  
 These be the instrumentes of thy  
 bodily powers, & swifly thei rone  
 þe way which thou appointest them.  
 Thou therfor art the god, þe art the  
 first power of this thy world, & by  
 þe meanes haste þe the rule of thys

B.iiii.

lesser

lesser world. We therefore watch-  
 ing, & take vpo the that autorite &  
 lawes whych are gguen the. Loke  
 vp towards heauen, & se how the  
 starres holde their course with-  
 out breache of order. O vndys-  
 crete mynde, why sorowest thou  
 pea, why so fearest death, as one  
 of thy self forgetfull? Thou ydote  
 sole, why delightest þ so moche  
 in that wretched body? Call thy  
 wyties to the, as yet disperled, or  
 dyuersly affected to thynges whi-  
 che are corruptyble. And fall not  
 from God to thynges so decept-  
 full and vayne. Conuert the vn-  
 to thynges whych are essencyal-  
 ly good, and shall neuer perysh,  
 whych are celestyall causes, and  
 lete no paines that are to be take  
 for gods honour, terrify þ. A bat-  
 taye must be (no questyon) no try-  
 umph

*de morte contemnenda.*

umph is obtained without fight,  
 neyther yet any garlande geuen  
 but to hym that manfully stādeth.  
 God is the rewarde of thys con-  
 flicte, so is heauen the eternall sti-  
 pend. Lete these gyftes prouoke  
 y to esteeme thys battayle so much  
 the lyghter. For cherefully shalt  
 y passe after deathe, into the ple-  
 saunt campos of heauen. Conue-  
 nyent is that place to them which  
 hath mynded eternall thynges.  
 The spretes of heaue will receiue  
 the, as a fryndely companion of  
 theirs, into the portalles of clere-  
 nesse, whereas thou shalt fynde ve-  
 ry commodypouse dwellynge.  
 Thus shalt thou at y latter, come  
 from greuouse cares and fro lōg  
 contynued troubles, into a peace-  
 able rest, and mansyon of quyet-  
 nesse. In the paradysse aboue, or  
 lyke



Baptista Mantuanus

like place of pleasure, among the  
departed saints, shalve thy coty-  
nuaunce haupnge euerinoze all  
the heauens at thy pleasure. A-  
monge other habundaunte fea-  
stes & plenteous bankettes, thou  
shalte taste of immortall waters  
and delycates vuspiakeable.  
A celestyall songe wpll be vtter-  
red at thole recreacions, and so  
sweete melodys as are able to  
moue þ starr es. With the saintes  
departed hese shalt thou liue, and  
with them shalt thou reigne in hea-  
uen, so much glozy herafter shalt  
thou haue, & so much heauenly ho-  
nour. In that place is eternal qui-  
et, in that place is eternal plesure  
& a life replenished with felicie  
perpetuall. O folysh mynde, why  
waylest thou: why hast thou such a  
feare to death, and art become as

a

*de morte contemnenda.*

A parson all wytleffe: Thu insi-  
 pient sot, why dost thou so moch re-  
 gard that carrayn carkeys, Thu  
 fearest the departure of thy body  
 that latter conflict troubleth thy  
 weakenes, excedinge doubt hast  
 thou of the fyckle name of deathe.  
 Wery certain is it, that the mortal  
 body shal return to earth, yet wil  
 not that slepe be continual. Our  
 sowles must again returne to the  
 bodie, and the members shalbe  
 restored to their righte places.  
 Why then doste thou folpshly fear  
 consyderynge that in deathe are  
 no dolours: If anye sorowe be  
 founde therein, it ryseth of a des-  
 perate feare. Do fearfulness ther-  
 for awai, a death wil be but a slepe  
 Yea, it will appeare a wonderfull  
 quyet, the senses wythdrawe fro  
 the feble weakke bodye. The ig-  
 nozaunce

nozaunce of causes, maketh death  
 to men terrible, but he little kno-  
 weth what he feareth, which fea-  
 reth hys owne death. Where as  
 syckenesse begynneth myghtely  
 to inuade the feble hart, in all  
 whole bodye besydes, the senses  
 waxe dulle. The battayle anon  
 after ceaseeth, so soone as nature  
 gyueth place to hys mortall poi-  
 son, & the enemy obtayneth byc-  
 tory. Then is strenght ouerthro-  
 wen, a colde fayntenesse so ente-  
 reth in by force, & wasteth awaye  
 the aydynge or confortes of lyfe.  
 Anon Death beholdinge a farre  
 of, hys banner erected, entereth  
 the members quyetlye subdued.  
 For syckenesse fyrst of al beyng  
 the wply wepon bearer of death,  
 secretly seketh destrucciō by pry-  
 uye assaultes. Neyther trumpet  
 no



*de morte contemnenda.*

noz waytes, noz yet brāsen horne  
 maye gyue warnynge, no, neither  
 mouth noz armour maye seme to  
 make any manner of dinne, as is  
 heard in other skymishes. That  
 sycknesse as a prompt warriour,  
 shuld be ready at the walles with  
 out warnynge gyuen, whyche is  
 to destroy the body unbewares,  
 God hath appointed him to haue  
 swyft fete, These are the armys  
 of deathe, wyth these souldiours  
 doth bytter sycknesse fyght, and  
 is as a messenger sent fourth be-  
 fore that vngentle Deathe. And  
 as concernyng hys diffinicion,  
 Deathe is a swyft flyght or pas-  
 sage from the corruptyble body,  
 rather to be desyred, than to be  
 fled from, of men that are godly.  
 O folysh mynde, why sorowest  
 thou the:yea, why fearest þe death  
 as

**Baptista Mantuanus**

As one forgetfull of thy selfe: What  
dost thou vndersecretely loue that  
frayle body of thine: Scenuola &  
noble Romane contempned the  
death, so ded the valiaunt Greke  
Achilles, with many other reno-  
med, worthye, and excellent cap-  
tynes more, sett it all together  
at nought. Yea, some which haue  
had no hope of the lyfe to come;  
neither haue they knowne of our  
christen faythe, yet haue they este-  
med the death as nothing. Now  
to the, whych hast receyued holy  
baptym, and to whome the clere  
light of the gospel hath bene in-  
nistrred. Thou hast lesse strengthe  
then a Pagane, for thou vnfaithful-  
ly fearest the deathe, yet knowest  
it of suertie & death bringeth with  
it a much more excellent & precy-  
ouse kinde of lyfe then was the o-  
ther.

*de morte con'emenda:*

cher. Neuerthelesse if thou saye vn  
to me, & in deathe are such signes  
of dolour, as are able to moue the  
most myghty and valiaunt hartes  
For so much as we behold in day  
ly experyence both the eyes and  
the mouthes of them that depart  
at the fearful entraunce of death  
to haue mooste wonderfull mo-  
uinges, Take thys for an earnest  
warnynge, and be not deceyued  
with so doutful similitudes, nei-  
ther yet faynt at them as doth an  
olde dottynge gossyp. For take  
this of me. If the lycke creatures  
which are at the poynt of deathe,  
do shew such terrible tokes, it mai  
not be reckened that they come of  
the extreme paines or grefes of the  
body. Many vaine fantasies doth  
occupy the imagynacion of the  
minde, and they trouble the soule,  
and



& bynge the hart in much feare:  
 In pꝛofe of thys, we haue hearde  
 it ofte reported, that menne ma-  
 ny times in a rage, haue leaped  
 down from hygh hilles and depe  
 buyldynges, to their deadly pa-  
 cell. Thys hath only their deceit-  
 full ymagynacyon wroughte in  
 them, and not the payne whych  
 hath come of theyꝝ greuous sicke-  
 nes. When the fyre is ones put to  
 the straw, and the stocke through-  
 ly kyndled, thyncke heauynesse  
 ryghtly to be represented or syg-  
 nified. O mynde, why art thou so  
 rowful: and wherfore fearest thou  
 deathe, forgettyng thy selfe, so  
 madly? O imprudent asseheade,  
 why louest thou that frail body of  
 thyne so inordynatly: Why goest  
 thou so farre out of square, that thou  
 so much regardest thynges mor-  
 tal?

*de morte contemnenda.*

tall: and wylt neyther regard thy  
 oꝝygnal noꝝ yet wherto thou wert  
 created: whyles þu hast a spiritu-  
 al power, and thy first formacion  
 from heauen, why is it thy desyre  
 to dwel styll in thys earthely pry-  
 son? What haste thou to do wyth  
 stones insensate? why settyst thou  
 so much by vile earthe & by clay?  
 Thou bearest the symplytude and  
 true image of god. Leaueto brute  
 beastes thys earthly dwellynge,  
 for heauen is thy due herytage.  
 Thys worlde is to vs, no contrey  
 natyue, but a very vncommody-  
 ouse extle, I pray the the tell me,  
 why dost thou preferre this wyld  
 place of thy bānishment, to the ple-  
 saunt land thou art borne to: yea,  
 why haddest thou rather to be loc-  
 ked vp in that darke dongiō, the  
 to enioye the cōmodytees of that  
 fredome? A swete thyng were it

C. i.

for

**Baptista Mantuanus**

for the, from hence to be remoued  
to the pleasaunt socyete of the olde  
holy fathers, and so to beholde  
those men, which haue of the scrip-  
tures most worthe praises. What  
syght in the worlde can be to vs  
more delectable: the in one place  
to beholde all ages, or men of all  
generacions sens the worldes be-  
gynninge? If it chaunce to come  
into thy head to feare þe tormētes  
of helle, or doubttest to be bzēt in  
the burnynge lake therof? Thu  
oughtest first to cōsolyde, that god  
is no enemy to vs mortall crea-  
tures. Unsempnge is it that he be  
reckened an vngentyll or vniner-  
cyful father. As it becometh him  
of his godly nature to be pityful,  
so is he of vs to be reckened very  
pytieful. For he that thinketh him  
to be without mercci, doth not righte-  
ly iudge hym a father. No, no, he  
accoun-



*de morte contemnenda.*

accounteth hym to be no father.  
 For what mad man wold graunt  
 him to be a God, whom he cā iust  
 ly denye to be mercyfull: God is  
 our vniuersal goodnesse. All thin  
 ges that are preycouse and hygh  
 lye to our profyt, god ministrerh.  
 But what thyng cāyest thou iudge  
 to be moze better thā mercy: why  
 sorowest thou then, thou waueringe  
 mynde: yea, why fearest þ death,  
 forgeifull of thy self: How cometh  
 it to passe thou dottynge sole, that  
 thou art so carefull for that wret-  
 ched bodi of thine: The high hea-  
 uen loketh for the, the prynces fa-  
 mily there doth call the by name,  
 and also the hol y senate or coun-  
 sell of the eternall father, do co-  
 uete the very moche. Tell me er-  
 nestly, why dost thou loue thyne  
 own dammage: why dost thou de-  
 syre thyne owne hurte or decaye:

C.ii.

Dost

Dost thou not thynke that a want  
or losse is a great discommodite?  
Shew me by thy faith, O minde  
inquiet, why dost thou feare to re-  
sort to such places, where as none  
are but thy fryndes: why dost thou  
doubt payne: why drearest thou  
punyshmente: If thy conscience  
beare the wytnesse of most gre-  
uouse synnes, and so accombre  
the, repēt them wyth al thy hart.  
For repentaunce taketh al sinne  
away. We are certaine and sure,  
what the gentillesse, the clemen-  
cy, and the mercy is, of oure hea-  
uenly father. Yea, we perfyghtly  
know it, how swiftly he will bend  
hym selfe, to heare oure humble  
prayers. If we do wele, we shall  
gyue to God our hartes, & wyth  
bytter teares we shall do sacry-  
fyce to hym. No offerynge in the  
worlde, can be moze acceptable

*De morte contemnenda*

or plesaunt vnto him. If thu be:  
 wayle or lament thy synnes, such  
 a gentyll father hast thou, as wyl  
 clerely remyt them. God alone re  
 quyreth a contryte hart. He onlpe  
 accepteth an humble request. God  
 doth not regarde the smoky sacri  
 fices, ne yther yet is he pacyfied  
 with aulters nor with offeringes  
 if the harts religion be wanting.  
 A ponge sprynge wyl bow wyth  
 a westerne winde, with a string is  
 a bow made croked. Fire melteth  
 stele, bloud breaketh an adamāt  
 & god is mollified by lowlines of  
 the hart. Leauē your eartheli care  
 or study, ye most filthy bandes or  
 mortal mēbers. Giue ouer thy pos  
 sessiō, þe stinking dōgiō, & trouble  
 no more the mindes þe are godlie.  
 Worshyp, plesure, honour, posses  
 siōs, with other cōmoditees world  
 ly, are subiect to fortune and des

C.iii, tenpe.



tenpe. Thele be the thynges that  
 rauyn those myndes which haue  
 no foresyght, and throwe them in  
 to hel. These are the snares that  
 are wont to detayne vs, and lette  
 vs in all good workynge. O my  
 christen soule, I tel thys tale to  
 the. Body and goodes with other  
 lyke, wyl perishe, as thynges cor-  
 ruptible and mortall. Thou only  
 shalt contynue as a thing immor-  
 tal. Thou art the doughter of the  
 eternal god, my gentyl minde, de-  
 syre thy fathers kingedome than  
 wyth a cherefull countenaunce.  
 Runne to thy lounig father, slyde  
 into his bosom, hold him, embrace  
 him, & kisse him, for he with al his  
 housholde, wyl most louingly re-  
 ceive the. Garlands prepare thei  
 to thy head, a semely white gar-  
 met, beutified w<sup>th</sup> stars & fine gold  
 Shall reache to thy verpe feete.

Thou

*de morte contemnenda.*

**T**hu shalt wonder to behold the  
 innumerable multitude of sain-  
 tes, clappynge hādes and reioy-  
 cynge at thy commynge. In such  
 peace and concorde agreeth the  
 heauenlye cytiezens, that theyr  
 loue ouerfloweth, as doth a great  
 myghty sea. The partycular ar-  
 mes or sygnes of honour, obtay-  
 ned by valeauntnesse of manne-  
 head, causeth oneman to be kno-  
 wen frō an other. But loue hath  
 an other propeerty. He suffereth  
 nothing to be particular. As cha-  
 rite is cōmon, so maketh he al cō-  
 mon to all mennys needes. For  
 nothyng holdeth a pertyght loue  
 to hys owne vse only. **O** vndys-  
 crete mynde, why sorowest thou?  
 why fearest death so vnwysely?  
**O** dottynge fole, why fauourest  
 that vyle carrayne of thyne so  
 muche? Then wyth a good harte  
 and

Baptista Mantuanus  
and wyllyngly, ouerleape þ the  
holdes of deathe, and fear in no  
wise the fantastical name therof.

Thus endeth the lamentable songe of  
complaynte of Baptista Mantua-  
nus, that deathe is not to be fea-  
red, familiarly translated  
into English by  
John Bale.

(.\*)

Imprinted at  
London by Ihon Dape, dwel-  
ling ouer Aldersgate  
beneth Sainte  
Martins.

These bookes are to bee solde  
at hys shop in Chepelpde,  
by the Little Tounduit  
at the spgne of the  
Resurrection.

¶

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum  
solum, Per septēnium.



A brief declaracion  
 of the Lordes Supper, written by  
 the syngular learned man, and most  
 constaunt Martir of Iesus Christ,  
 Nicholas Ridley Bishop of Lons-  
 don prisoner in Oxforde, a litel  
 before he suffred deathe for  
 the true testimonie of  
 Christ.

Roma.8.

*For thy sake are we killed all daye  
 long, and are compted as shepe  
 appointed to be slayne.*

*Neuertheles in all  
 these thinges we o-  
 uercome through  
 him, that lo-  
 ued vs.*

Anno. 1555.